THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXVII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 29, 1846. WHOLE NO. 1309.

Original Poetry.

THE SONG OF THE ENGINE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY T. HEMPSTEAD.

Away, away, over smooth and rough,
Like a spirit of wrath I'm on!
And the snorting sound of my wild shrill puff,
Turns up in the breathless sky;
Through the silent beds of the ancient hills,
I rush unerring, onward,
And my clang is heard where the mountain rills
With the rocks for ages have played.

I have met the hills with their tops of green,
In the winds rock to and fro;
I passed their way and their tops were seen,
While storms in the vales below;
No screams of blood, no sound of war,
No void of woe I bring;
No clash of swords from fields afar,
No deadly slave's hated ring.

But I come in peace and I come in pride,
And in pride and power I go,
And bright gems wreath my heavy I glide,
With the light of gladness glow!
The eagle wails from his throne on high,
Where he shrieked to the swift wind's moans,
And he dies away in the dark sky,
As I glide o'er his fathers' bones.

Through the wide and peaceful solitude,
Of the old monarch's dominions,
Where the oak through an age of bloom has stood,
And waved his glossy pinions;
Away a pride and of power I'll sweep
On limbs untired below;
Till I see the blue waves like mountains leap
To the wild Pacific shore.

Original Tales.

THE LADY'S STRATAGEM.

A Story of the Revolution.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY HARRY HASTINGS.

CHAPTER I.

It was during the siege of Savannah, by the combined forces of France and the Colonies, under D'Estaign and Lincoln, that a gentleman and lady might have been seen conversing together in the centre of a splendid mansion over the banks of the Ogeechee River. The lady was young and beautiful, dark haired and dark eyed, with an arch expression of countenance that spoke of fun and frolic—while in her companion's face was combined such an odd mixture of vulgarity, impudence and self-complacency, that wondered how such a person could ever be tolerated for an instant by one in every respect his superior. Was it that the rich contrast in the two persons she paid to his insolent attacks upon the courage of her country-men, and the smiles with which she received his boastful encomiums of what he considered in some trifling skirmish. And yet a close observer might have detected in the occasional curl of her small lip, and the quick flash of her dark eye, sometimes came from her flashing eyes, an expression of contempt for the vulgar coxcomb, that was even to the nicest soul of Captain French.

"And so the rebels could not stand before you, George," said the lady.

"Stand!" said the captain, "why, they would not stand long enough for us to get within shooting distance, for as soon as they heard the name of our young fellow, a Captain Elliott, whose father lives about a mile over the river, was so scared that he has never been heard of since."

"Indeed!" said Miss Hogee, while the flush of indignation that had mantled her face for an instant, gave place to its usual gay and arch expression—"but I do not exactly understand you, captain—if they ran, why none are detained from them: how could you possibly recognize Mr. Elliott?"

The captain studied for a moment; thinking that he would best serve to extricate himself from his dilemma. "Why, the fact is, Miss Julia, the greater portion of them did run as I have said, but there was one stubborn fellow, who stood his ground to the end, and it would have fared ill with us, I assure you, for our troops were just beginning to give ground," when I took up, and with a few good blows put to right and left, in this fashion"—and the heroic captain flourished his sword in the air until Julia screamed in affected alarm—"I assure you, Miss Julia, I am not one, and made the rebels scamper in all directions."

"Bless me, captain! I was afraid you would cut off your ears when you were flourishing your sword around your head in that awful way," said Julia, with pretended admiration of his prowess.

"Never fear, Miss Julia," said the captain complacently—"I am pretty much used to the use of the sword on human flesh, I can assure you. Now, I suppose one of you ladies would be afraid at every sight of blood, but as I am a sturdy fellow, although it was in its scabbard—you might stumble, you know, and your sword fly out of its sheath, and hit you, you know, accidentally—but have happened. I've heard—but we military men get used to it, Miss Julia."

"Well! Captain French," said the lady, "there is one thing yet that I do not exactly understand—how was it that Captain Elliott's son, from whom you threw general, if he was himself so frightened."

"Heaven bless you, Miss Julia, I did not say that Captain Elliott was present in the early part of the battle, or, indeed—but when he saw me coming up like a lion, with my sword drawn, and a pistol in each of my hands, he knew that he must be turned and ran as if the very old dad—seeing your ladyship's presence—was after him."

"Have no my fault, Miss Julia, you voice, Captain French?" said the lady, very seriously.

"Nothing to speak of," replied the captain, "although I confess I was less in fear for you, I shall all my education in England—but what makes you ask that question, Miss Julia?"

"Oh! nothing—I only wondered if you were a relation of that gallant French Commodore, I have heard, valiant as highly."

"The very same man, Miss, I assure you."

"What! he was not so much distinguished at the battle of Bunker's hill?"

"The very man, I said the captain cautiously.

"He had he not command the rebels, or order to a rebel?"

"Yes, by the powers I'm the identical man," said the gallant, jumping from his chair, and rising, rising up and down the room, "I'd rather die than see another like myself to be treated as I was once, for ten thousand deaths," cried he, drawing his nose ten half way from its sheath, and then forcing it forcibly back again.

"Oh! don't, I beg of you, you frighten me," said Miss Hogee—although one who smoked the re- sen expression of her face, might have doubt relative of her fear—"I am afraid that even, some band of rebels might be within hearing and then we should have a desperate time."

"Yes, indeed!" replied the captain "blood o wild fires like waters—wounds would be plenty to make barrier—here I'd take my stand, you no just before this door. Eh! I would say, my dear lady Julia, fly while I protect you retreat—I would take one of the ruffians on my point as he entered, run through a second as he fell, shoot down a third with my pistol, stab a fourth with—"

"Oh! horrible, horrible, Captain—I shall faint if you proceed any further," cried the lady, throwing her handkerchief into her mouth and over her face, evidently to conceal her violent emotion.

"I beg your ladyship's pardon," said the captain, as Miss Julia gradually recovered her composure, "but I find it difficult to compose myself when I think of those cowardly rebels.

"And would you indeed slaughter them in that fearful manner?" said the lady.

"I'd cut them up into mince-meat rather than they should injure one hair of your head—shoot me, but I would."

"And you would not care for your own safety?"

"Safety! I would spurn the thought," cried he, heroically. But will not Miss Julia come nearer, to unite herself to me that is able and willing to protect her from all danger," continued he, as he attempted to take possession of the beautiful little hand of the lady.

"No, not yet, Captain French," said Julia, in a very composed, business-like tone. "That I will not marry any man that is a coward, is true—I despise a coward—and if I was only certain that you were the bravest man in the English army, I might perhaps marry you on the spot—but although I have every reason to believe, from your own account, that you are a very courageous man, yet I must have some proof of your valor before I can consent to unite my self with you."

"What shall that proof be—what shall I do?" the Captain, greatly disquieted. "Shall I head Washington in his rout, and drag him a captive to your feet—shall I, with my own little command, chase Lincoln from the State—must I shall I fighting the French fleet from the coast?"

"Oh, no, my dear Captain," said Julia, smiling, I will be satisfied with less formidable proofs of your valor. There is a person, whom you have spoken of tonight, by the name of Elliston—the young man is imprisoned as in the late skirmish. That individual used to visit me before the war, and was in the habit of wearing his hair long and parted over the middle of his forehead. I asked him once to cut it off for my sake, for I thought it looked too womanly to wear such long hair in a man, but he would not do it. It was a most ungallant thing, as you will grant, to refuse them to oblige a lady. Now, as I hear that he still continues to that vile custom, you will please be good enough to seek him out, and cutting off his odious locks, bring them to me that I may see them."

"Would you not rather I should capture the rebel Congress, too—"

"No, I would not," said the lady, rather solidly—"I have a spite against George Elliston's curls, and if you will not cut them off, I don't care if I never see you again."

"Oh, of course I will," replied the Captain, rather gloomily. "But then I thought that was an easier commission than I may be compelled to perform."

"Would you not rather do something else?"

"Yes, indeed, sir," said the lady, rather solidly—"I have a spite against George Elliston's curls, and if you will not cut them off, I don't care if I never see you again."

"Oh, of course I will," replied the Captain, rather gloomily. "But then I thought that was an easier commission than I may be compelled to perform."

"Would you not rather I should capture the rebel Congress, too—"

"No, I would not

...nes added to the scenery, and the whole marked a striking contrast to the dullness that usually marks one of the most important days of the year. Many of the ...ments of the Americans in the city were on the festival part of a most brilliant scale. Among the latter, my friend [illegible] Scruggs' Spring Garden. There was the ...ual display of fireworks, and the ...ual dancing, and ...ual eating, and ...ual drinking, and long may they continue, after the ...ual manner of my ...ou shall be ...ormed.

United States SATURDAY POST.

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Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, AUGUST 8, 1846.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Conflict.—We are pleased with this poem from some merit, and shall be glad to receive more from the same source. We shall take the liberty of making a few alterations, not containing sentiment that might perhaps give offence to some of our readers—and to ourselves, in a mere literary point of view, the poem is worthy of publication.

Agamtoone to Death. This poem is written with much feeling, and we regret to be compelled to say that it is not suited for our paper in its present form.

The Sons of the Sleigher. We would very much like to oblige our friend by the publication of the above, but hardly think it will do. He has evidently poetry in his soul, but clothing it in that he fails to express. Many are the poets "who have not put their inspiration" into their verses, as we believe was the case. What answer to the love poetic feelings is the main thing, the ether is comparatively unimportant.

The Fresh-Zone. This is a fine poem on the whole—but marred, we think, by occasional repetitions. When we receive the author, we will point out particularly the passages alluded to.

TRUE CHARITY.

There is an old saying that "charity should begin at home," and to the same one has wisely added, "but not end there." The benevolence that would feed and clothe the families of strangers when its own household is unprovided with the necessaries of life, is as reprehensible as the selfish man that feeds with a cold and consumed eye upon want and misery, while surrounding itself with luxurious pomp and splendor. However men may argue that they have a right to do as they please with their own, in the utmost recesses of their hearts they are forced to acknowledge, that they improperly husband the talents bestowed upon their own abundance to the poverty and distress of their fellow-beings. For even supposing that we have a right to do what he pleases with his own—who will stand up before the face of Heaven, and assert that he has not been blessed with more than the pleasure of the great Father of him and all! All must, but especially the wealthy, the favorites of God, the wise and talented, are servants of God—and the day will come when each shall be required to render up an account of his steward-ship. Then how many no longer be considered "wise" will that man or woman be, who can point to many deeds of charity and love—to the hungry that have been fed—to the naked that have been clothed; to the poor that have had the gospel of cheerfulness and consolation preached to them.

It is a common error to identify the noble and christian virtue of charity with mere alms-giving; but this is a very narrow and contracted view of the subject. The imagine that a rich man discharges the duties he owes to his suffering fellow-creatures by merely handing out a few dollars, or sending out a few dollars when applied to by some benevolent society, is one of the most wholesale mistakes that ever entered the human brain. To give some sense of the reality extent it a great condescension to do even that, and we know of one instance in which application was made to a very rich man for a contribution in aid of the sufferers by the great conflagration, where the munificent in-dividual actually put his hand into his money drawer and flung out the enormous amount of ten cents. Even this was an uncommon case—one of those that manifest to how low an estate of selfishness and meanness a man may, by dwelling too much on the things of this life, be reduced, he thought it is, however, a very easy thing for men in general to be charitable, so far as we understand by the term the giving away of a few dollars occasionally; but we fear it is a very difficult and certainly a very uncommon thing, to seek out and enter into the wants and wretchedness of those who are either in a worldly or spiritual sense among the poor of the earth and to minister to the necessities of their condition. To do this requires that species of charity which is synonymous with love—love like that which planted in His human whose life was devoted to the welfare and salvation of man.

It is instructive to remember in our zeal for the truth, that that otherwise fair life was stained in the same wonderful thing, that the great heart and pattern of our faith, who went about doing good, accepted not to minister to the welfare of the body as well as the souls of men. Most, if not all of His miracles, were such as either ministered to bodily wants or to bodily infirmities—He fed the hungry, healed the palsied, led the hungry—yea, as the history shows, was full of compassion for the poor, the needy, and thought it not unworthy His great mission to wash a mean's feet as humble an end as we know the meanest indicate by the manner in which he ministered to the wants of the soul and we contend further that all true and wise ministering to the bodily necessities of others will make a favorable influence upon the mind and heart. For, obviously, if a man be hard-starved, the first thing to be done, however, is to relieve the man he may be, is to give him food. If he is dirty and ragged, we will first clothe him in clean and decent garments before we attempt his conversion. "Cleanliness is allied to godliness," says the proverb; and we would do well to take a lesson from it. Let us, then, in our zeal for the necessary connection between the condition of the body and the soul that to attach equal in the teaching of the Great Master to the one as to the other, to the outward influences and necessities of our fellow men. "When I was hungry ye gave me food and when I was thirsty ye gave me drink, naked, and ye clothed me; sick and in prison and ye visited me."

What is charity then? It is in one word love—love to our fellow beings exhibited under the actions of the principle which we have laid down. It is perhaps the highest virtue, for it requires more love and less selfishness to enter into and sympathize with the feelings of our fellow men than it does to bring an earnest thrown its dark shade over the world, so long will true charity with its still, small voice be unheard. So long as selfish love is the unfortunate, to commit the afflicted, and to retain in a thousand different ways the pained and suffering heart of humanity.

PUBLICATION OFFICE.

We would call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Mr. T. B. Peterson, in another column. Mr. Peterson occupies Kensington and Godey Publication establishment, in a very extensive way, and all the Magazines and New Publications may be had there at the usual rates. Our country friends who may have occasion to send for Magazines will have their orders promptly attended to, by sending them, with the money enclosed, to him at once.

A QUESTION WELL PUT.

The Boston Chronotype says—"The great lottery does hall came off at Newport according to appointment, and the New York papers fill columns with the most rapturous descriptions of the lovely ladies and their charming and bewitching dresses. This is the land of our city and it is beautiful. The other end is made up of the reasonableness who stake shirts at four cents a piece! *Were any of these employers at the Newport ball?*

ETIQUETTE IN THE CITY.

Our neighbor of the Gazette has an article in his last paper, in which he directs a paragraph to the attention of the Mayor, in relation to the "etiquette of the city" and the duty of the City Councils to see that the streets are kept clean and free from obstructions. We are pleased to find that our neighbor is so well acquainted with the manners and customs of the city, and we hope that our friend of the Gazette will not only point out the duties of others, but will also attend to those which are all that have yet appeared, before them.

It is considered etiquette and politeness for the gentlemen to drop the right foot, when it encounters that of a lady in the street.

It is considered etiquette for a passing gentleman to hold back the omnibus door at which a lady may chance to be entering.

It is considered etiquette to give a lady a seat by a lady in a public vehicle."

As to the first of the above rules we would remark, notwithstanding we know very little about it, having no acquaintance ourselves except with common, every day sort of people, that we think it is very absurd. We cannot in this way—women are more beautiful than men; of course gentlemen derive more pleasure from looking at ladies, than ladies do from looking at gentlemen—therefore the lady should always the eye first; of course other rules of etiquette must be given for the gentleman to satisfy himself as to the color and size of that beautiful window of the soul. Why, carry out the rule to its legitimate extent, and you would require the gentleman to be etiquette for ladies to pop the question. No, no, Mr. Courier, the Aristocracy may lay down what rules they please, but the people, will never come into such as that. Why—it's clean agin nature.

We now come to the consideration of the second of the Courier's laws of etiquette. As to this matter of omnibus doors, we would observe that we consider it etiquette for the gentleman to allow ladies to have little boys to open and hold back the doors, and let them in. We think the Press will yet have to take this matter in hand, and prescribe omnibus lines that are too stingy to hire boys a regular lashing. But until we get the boys back again, we think it is etiquette for the gentleman near-est the door in the omnibus, to step out and assist the lady in getting out, and if he will be so kind as to pay the pretty ladies, there is no use in laying down laws in their case, for enough simpletons are always at hand to put themselves to inconvenience to oblige them; their own bright eyes being generally sufficient reward for the pleasure them not only their just rights but a good deal more.

As to the Courier's third rule, we would say, that it is etiquette that the gentleman who has the right of the first seat that offers itself in an omnibus or other public vehicle. In an omnibus, especially, it is folly to deny ourselves the company in order that the new comer may ride for one or five squares by the side of one of her own sex. None but clean and decent people should be allowed to ride in or to ride in an omnibus or stage, and of such these that are truly ladies, especially if the ride is to be for a short one, will not be apt to occupy a very particular seat in the vehicle.

In conclusion we would express our humble opinion, that while it is very necessary to inculcate general feelings of benevolence, kindness and society —which constitute the idea that all mankind should attach to true politeness, in contradistinction to the notion some have of it as a thing of grimace, form and ceremony—the fewer rules of etiquette we have the better.

A NEW EPOCH.

The present day is remarkable for an evident tendency in the great conservative parties of Europe to yield to the progress of the times. Even in England, we have seen a Tory minister, Sir Robert Peel, supported by a very large division of his party, wisely and nobly abolish the Corn Laws, which they had previously defended, while in France, the great head of the conservative party of that country, M. Guizot, is pursuing a somewhat similar course. By the last advices from Paris, we learn that the speech of the speech, recently delivered by this gentleman, which has excited considerable sensation. He says—"We are no longer in a time of war. Peaceful spread of a stationary spirit of immobility. Governments, they have not thought seriously. When they have done so, they have done it in the midst of *order, progress is infallible.* it is accomplished every day by the true development of the principles of conservation, and not by their perversion."

The truth is that the great conservative parties in the different nations of christendom are beginning to see that it is better to lead and control reform, and that progress is going on nothing into folly and excess, than, by opposing them, to lose all their influence with the masses of society, and be carried away by the tide in one reason—one that belongs more exclusively to the leaders. Another is, that the great mass of the people are conscious of the fact that progress and convinced that certain reforms are right and proper. So much is that the case, that we should not be surprised if the old conservative parties of Europe—breaking off from those who still cling with obstinate tenacity to the past, and, more or old—should at some future time, take the lead in supporting the boldest and most practical measures of reform. If it be so, it will be one of those wonderful epochs in the history of mankind, that leave a bright and shining light upon many succeeding centuries.

ELIHU BURRITT.

The gentleman who has assumed the Learned Blacksmith, now in England, writes home that he had been exceedingly busy for ten days, working night and day—that he was engaged in the cause of Indian meal, instructing the natives in the mysteries of "Corn Fixings." With the assistance of the gentleman who has the honor to write this, a capital edition of puddings and johnny-cakes. A great many of the poorest class of the people there are encouraged to live on it, and only a small portion of the cash, if still remains in circulation. They have got the idea fixed in their minds, with the aid of the Learned Blacksmith, that corn-meal in its best estate is more nature's food.

The Bangor Whig, from which we derive the above, also states that Mr. Burritt has succeeded in making a condition upon which only he will consent to be any man's guest, that his wife shall serve up a johnny-cake for breakfast. It is very good eating for dinner. He had been invited to a tea party where about thirty persons were to be present, and requested that no invitation should be given to any one which was readily agreed to by all parties. So the number of company will be tested by some of the best livers in Birmingham.

A sentimental extract has been going the rounds of the papers announcing that the man who can forget the tenth breath which he played in childhood, or in the language of the penny-a-liners, "a muscle whose horn—cannot remember the first time he ever went in the same patriotic spirit, that an American can show no stronger proof of his attachment to the native soil in a foreign land, than by cultivating the generous and peculiar food of his country, 'corn-cake,' 'mush' and 'johnny cake,' down the throats of the ignorant foreigners.

PLAGIARISM.

The following paragraph has been going the rounds of the press for sometime, credited to the New York Express:

"What would the world say if we could prove the most popular tale ever written by an American author to be false? If it is the case that it is not the characteristic peculiarities of the writer's style unpleasantly? Assuredly, then, and still, then all the peculiar traits would be included; from a thousand pages of Fenimore Cooper's tales, it is known what the world might say; but we do know that we can make our saying good."

What we have to say is, that if the Express really does know of such a case, it would show its good sense and readiness by coming boldly out and stating who it is that has committed so palpable a piece of forgery —instead of leaving around the bush in this fashion. For our part, we are always required to discredit mere charges or mere fabrications when they are made in such a mysterious way.

HOWARD'S CONFESSION.

Andrew Howard who was recently executed at Dover, N. H., for the murder of his wife, is said to have made a confession to the effect *that he also would have killed his wife if he had known that the legal penalty was death.*

It seems, however, that this was not the case, as Mr. Hutchins, a Free-Will Baptist clergyman, testifies that Howard expressly denied in his presence that he had made as any such statement; but said on the contrary, that he did not recollect at the time of committing the deed, he thought anything about the penalty." This last is by far the most probable story.

POOR IRELAND.

A letter in the U.S. Gazette, from an American now traveling in Europe, contains the following sensible remarks in relation to Ireland. We entirely agree with him, that no Repeal of the Union, especially, will remedy the evils of Ireland—that the real cause of her misery is to be found in her own bad management. The remedy is to be found in the establishment of a Parliament of her own, that the one would be laid to the cost of the corrupt time—the money now being drawn from Ireland to support the aristocracy of England.

"I had but six days observation of Ireland, but I saw enough to correct some of my previous opinions as to the causes of the miseries of that unhappy land. It is not Romanism, but Protestant—not ecclesiastical, but ecclesiastical oppression, which grinds the people and keeps them down. Ireland is a most fertile soil, and you know the climate is one of the most salubrious on the globe. Nature has given the Island bears marks of the most careful cultivation. The sides of the highway where a few patches of land will grow—the borders of streams, the little crevices among the rocks—all are lined and appropriated. The fields bear marks not of the plough, but of the spade. Every inch of land is tilled, and tedious application of human muscles. Why then, with such fertility and such industry among the people, is Ireland the poor? Why the most prodigal habits of the mass of the people? Entirely one of their most bevels. There is no food—no clothing—no comfort—no rest for the work.

"The worst tenement of Southern slaves has more comforts and the appearance of more comfort than the inhabitant of this country. Ireland is a Landlord's country, and wants nothing of whiskey. He is industrious—inoperate may let farms what rent fifty pounds dollars, per acre. Now in an overpeopled country, with no capital but his hands—without proper implements of husbandry—with a family dependent on him, and with only five or six acres that he can rent and cultivate, what is the reason in the world that he can retain the prodigate habits of an absent landlord, and church rates to pay to an establishment whose principles he loathes? What can an Irish father do but toil—borrow in his cabin—grumble at his oppressors and starve? This is his real condition.

"But to what extent the Roman Catholic priests might have the disposition to come in for their share in plundering and oppressing the poor, I had no means of judging. I am so pleased by nobles and rectors, through rents and tythes, that he is safe from the cupidity of his own priesthood. In either case, the fault of Ireland is drawn out by a set of noble vampyres, who glitter and prosper among the aristocracy of England, and leave the Irishman in poverty and rags. No Repeal of the Union, simply—no scheme of education, such as the Government has adopted, no temporary relief—no missions which do not reach the heart of the landlord as well as the tenant, can help this state of things.

"First to take from Pat all right in the soil on which he was born, and only dole out a little pittance for his accompanied labor at enormous rates—then to tax bread that his aristocratic landlord may sell his grain at a high price, (for only landlords can afford to sell)—then to tithe Pat for a religion which never interests him—and last, by bank his countrymen with the means of the life and drum, and vision of cold steel and a standing army—can one wonder that he is restless?"

CAST IRON ROOFS.

We are glad to notice that an effort which will be of great importance has been recently made to introduce the use of Cast Iron plates for the roofing of buildings. A specimen of plates adapted to this purpose has been published in this city in the early part of the week, at the Exchange, by the inventor and patentee, Mr. W. Beach. The following is a description of the plates we take from the Ledger.

"The plates are about a foot square, and are made to fit into each other so as to form a close and perfectly water tight, with the application of white *liberty resin on a thin coating of white lead, which will be under, progress is infallible.* it is accomplished every day by the true development of the principles of conservation, and not by their perversion.

"The truth is that the great conservative parties in the different nations of christendom are beginning to see that it is better to lead and control reform, and that progress is going on nothing into folly and excess, than, by opposing them, to lose all their influence with the masses of society, and be carried away by the tide in one reason—one that belongs more exclusively to the leaders. Another is, that the great mass of the people are conscious of the fact that progress and convinced that certain reforms are right and proper. So much is that the case, that we should not be surprised if the old conservative parties of Europe—breaking off from those who still cling with obstinate tenacity to the past, and, more or old—should at some future time, take the lead in supporting the boldest and most practical measures of reform. If it be so, it will be one of those wonderful epochs in the history of mankind, that leave a bright and shining light upon many succeeding centuries.

ELIHU BURRITT.

The gentleman who has assumed the Learned Blacksmith, now in England, writes home that he had been exceedingly busy for ten days, working night and day—that he was engaged in the cause of Indian meal, instructing the natives in the mysteries of "Corn Fixings." With the assistance of the gentleman who has the honor to write this, a capital edition of puddings and johnny-cakes. A great many of the poorest class of the people there are encouraged to live on it, and only a small portion of the cash, if still remains in circulation. They have got the idea fixed in their minds, with the aid of the Learned Blacksmith, that corn-meal in its best estate is more nature's food.

The Bangor Whig, from which we derive the above, also states that Mr. Burritt has succeeded in making a condition upon which only he will consent to be any man's guest, that his wife shall serve up a johnny-cake for breakfast. It is very good eating for dinner. He had been invited to a tea party where about thirty persons were to be present, and requested that no invitation should be given to any one which was readily agreed to by all parties. So the number of company will be tested by some of the best livers in Birmingham.

A sentimental extract has been going the rounds of the papers announcing that the man who can forget the tenth breath which he played in childhood, or in the language of the penny-a-liners, "a muscle whose horn—cannot remember the first time he ever went in the same patriotic spirit, that an American can show no stronger proof of his attachment to the native soil in a foreign land, than by cultivating the generous and peculiar food of his country, 'corn-cake,' 'mush' and 'johnny cake,' down the throats of the ignorant foreigners.

PLAGIARISM.

The following paragraph has been going the rounds of the press for sometime, credited to the New York Express:

"What would the world say if we could prove the most popular tale ever written by an American author to be false? If it is the case that it is not the characteristic peculiarities of the writer's style unpleasantly? Assuredly, then, and still, then all the peculiar traits would be included; from a thousand pages of Fenimore Cooper's tales, it is known what the world might say; but we do know that we can make our saying good."

What we have to say is, that if the Express really does know of such a case, it would show its good sense and readiness by coming boldly out and stating who it is that has committed so palpable a piece of forgery —instead of leaving around the bush in this fashion. For our part, we are always required to discredit mere charges or mere fabrications when they are made in such a mysterious way.

HOWARD'S CONFESSION.

Andrew Howard who was recently executed at Dover, N. H., for the murder of his wife, is said to have made a confession to the effect *that he also would have killed his wife if he had known that the legal penalty was death.*

It seems, however, that this was not the case, as Mr. Hutchins, a Free-Will Baptist clergyman, testifies that Howard expressly denied in his presence that he had made as any such statement; but said on the contrary, that he did not recollect at the time of committing the deed, he thought anything about the penalty." This last is by far the most probable story.

COTTON IN TURKEY.

We take the following interesting article from the Public Ledger of this city. "The Sultan of Turkey is desirous of introducing the cultivation of cotton in the cultivation of cotton in his Asiatic dominions. He will probably succeed; and if he does, he will open a new source of wealth to his people. The Southern planters who read in India, to their expense, have ascertained that it will not pay them to raise cotton, when they can purchase it at the best during the period of growth. One of these persons having returned, in some of his reports on the subject, he thinks Turkey is a country in which cotton would flourish, and the suggestion was communicated by the American Minister at Constantinople, to the Sultan, who immediately took measures for Executive upon the subject. The Secretary of State ordered the Patent commissioner to dispatch a special agent of Syria. All the Northern portions of this extensive region have a mild climate, but the southern region will probably be Syria, stretching along the Eastern shore of the Mediterranean, and Mesopotamia, comprising the country between the Tigris and Euphrates, and stretching from the Northern shore of the Persian Gulf, in Lat. 30, along the Euphrates and Tigris. The former river rises in the mountains that the Persian Gulf in Lat. 25, watered by the Euphrates and Tigris, and bounded by the mountains of Persia and Arabia Deserta. Palestine, Syria, Egypt, Arabia, Persia, &c., &c. We had nearly forgotten to mention, that Mr. Curtis, the Patent Commissioner, has made large sums of money by his speculations in cotton, the cultivation of which he has introduced into Texas, and who has suggested the cultivation of cotton in Turkey. Dr. Davis and Dr. J. L. Smith, both of South Carolina, have already departed for Constantinople, to make experiments in the service of the Sultan.

"Asiatic Turkey contains about 700,000 square miles between Lats. 30 and 45 North, and contains eight provinces, comprehending the old divisions of Natolia, Syria, Assyria, Armenia, Mesopotamia, Chaldea and Palestine, which are now only parts of Syria. All the Northern portions of this extensive region have a mild climate, but the southern region will probably be Syria, stretching along the Eastern shore of the Mediterranean, and Mesopotamia, comprising the country between the Tigris and Euphrates, and stretching from the Northern shore of the Persian Gulf, in Lat. 30, along the Euphrates and Tigris. The former river rises in the mountains that the Persian Gulf in Lat. 25, watered by the Euphrates and Tigris, and bounded by the mountains of Persia and Arabia Deserta. Palestine, Syria, Egypt, Arabia, Persia, &c., &c. We had nearly forgotten to mention, that Mr. Curtis, the Patent Commissioner, has made large sums of money by his speculations in cotton, the cultivation of which he has introduced into Texas, and who has suggested the cultivation of cotton in Turkey. Dr. Davis and Dr. J. L. Smith, both of South Carolina, have already departed for Constantinople, to make experiments in the service of the Sultan.

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ROW AMONG THE VOLUNTEERS.

The Baltimore Sun has received the following letter from the camp of the Baltimore volunteers, showing that rather a disorderly spirit prevails as yet among the troops. The author is evidently "one of them," from his statement that the six hundred Baltimoreans would have been a match for twenty-five hundred Ohioans—that is going it rather too strong.

"Camp Belknap, Aug. 3, 1846.

"Our battalion is joined to one from Ohio, which forms a regiment, and this, in connection with two other companies from Ohio, composes a brigade. There are nine regiments from Alabama, Georgia and Tennessee, quartered at the same camp, which is situated on a high bluff of land, from which can see the mouths of our guns, and hear the drums beating the evening.

"Yesterday, Lafayette Hands, Andrew Metterer and some of our boys went over to Rattle, and returned in the evening with a Virginian fine running horse, some one gave Andrew Metterer a catch, which Col. Mitchell, of Ohio, who is Colonel of the 1st Ohio regiment, considered a breach of order, and threw of his men to take it from him. On the men seizing him, in compliance with the orders of their commander, Andrew Metterer, with his cudgel knocked down two of them. Col. Mitchell then rushed on Metterer with drawn sword and inflicted several severe cuts on his head and shoulders, at the same time calling out, 'Shoot him, shoot him!' Lafayette Hands then seized the Colonel, wrenched his sword from him, and chased him with it for some distance. In the mean time a company amounted to about two hundred, were formed, and especially the two first, are so important, that we anxiously expect the arrival of the Colonel.

"Col. Mitchell, on hearing the disorder we immediately sent after him, and on his arrival he started for the camp of Colonel Mitchell, to demand an explanation of his conduct. On his arrival there, however, he was told that the Colonel had started for Matamoras to report to Gen. Taylor, but Col. Mitchell would not hear him, and I do not know how the affair will end."

THE SEMPSTRESSES.

We are glad to learn that the New York sempstresses are about to call a meeting to remonstrate against and resist, if possible, the extention of their employers. Will it be successful? They are now compelled to make shirts *for four cents a piece!* We can hardly credit it, notwithstanding it is asserted to be true. It is said that the females who are working from early in the morning to late at night to gain that which is barely sufficient to enable them to still work on deliberately in starving in full view, tempting them by offers of ease and plenty and luxury to their ruin. Can it be wondered at that so many become vile in New York? No, the wonder is that so many preserve their virtue in the midst of such temptations

United States SATURDAY POST.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee, and West Virginia.
Mr. H. H. BOYD, of Cincinnati, is our Agent for Kentucky, Tennessee, and Ohio.
JOHN HOWARD, of Cincinnati, is our Agent for Ohio.
J. NO. F. JOHNSTON, succeed by *Eli St. Sweenan*, of Cincinnati.
Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS is our Agent for Alabama and Mississippi.
Mr. JAMES is Agent for the Southern and Western States, and Florida, succeed by *James B. Taylor*, of Boston, *T. P. Anderson*, of Philadelphia, *Horace Wood*, *F. E. Hanley*, *T. S. Waterman*, and *John Gilmore*.
THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.
WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Penna.
JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.
CHAS. S. SOWLEY will receive subscribers and subscriptions for this paper in the State of New York.

FROM OUR OWN Correspondent.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THE SPIRIT OF REFORM—TURKEY AND EGYPT—RAILROAD TELEGRAPHS IN ITALY—SPEECH OF PEARL AND TEMPERANCE PRINCIPLES—THE DRUNK—HIS APPEAL TO THE PUBLIC—THEATRICALS—MUSICIAN EXCITED—PLUMS AND PUDDING—THE CHRISTMAS IN LONDON—A MISCELLANEOUS—HORSE AND A LOG—PHILOSOPHY OF LONDON WILLS—MISCELLANEOUS.

Bristol, England, August 3, 1846.

It is quite gratifying to observe the spirit of reform and improvement that is fast spreading—literally all over the world. A vast scheme is projected, and, though I am not sure either will be carried into effect, and that is, the union of all the capital cities and their ports or outlets—as for instance Liverpool and Portsmouth, will do more than even the teachings of the last two centuries, in humanizing, civilizing, and enabling people to think that the day for wholesale human bloodshed has passed away—though, as you will see by some of my late letters, some writers will have it that the *human* of war appears to be now owned by Republics. I firmly believe that not any cause of dispute, no matter, no issue at this time, it would be scarcely settled. So much for the spirit of war being possible between European Nations. All people are among the horrors of the dark ages; and whenever these international rivalries shall arise, I believe it is not evident to you that wars will be all but impossible! Several sovereigns are expected to meet at Vienna during the Autumn, and such conventions, having for these objects, mutual interests, and a mutually good understanding, are highly to be commended. Two such powers as the Sultan of mountainous populace, has been broken down, at a blow by the Sultan of Turkey, when he had declared, though in one of his edicts, that Mussulman, that "difference in religious faith constitutes only the coexistence of individuals." This difference cannot interfere in any manner with their rights as subjects. It is the wish and intention of our sovereign, that all his subjects, whether Mussulman, Christian or Hebrew, shall enjoy equally his protection. Mehemet Ali, of Egypt, but a few years since the Scimitar of the Sultan, and the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, and James S. Stranahan are in all the Turkish waters. Christianity is gradually but surely extending itself, and all the lands that for a thousand years have suffered under the malignancy despotism of the creed of Mahomet, and consequent ignorance, will, in many countries and Christendom, was never so active and extensive as now. The whole of Europe, except her own interests of Egypt was all but a term incognita! Whereas it is now the common highway of nations. Even the Nile is navigated by Steamships

Beautiful Poem.

MUTUAL HEARTS.

BY T. S. HUNTY.

"Thy heart is mine."
—By Moore.

They cry me one up the bride's heart
Is in the hand two more;
Oh! never was a love high set
To fall a plan was urged.
The love that hearts which love hath covered
Are hardly laid together—
For not a thought or sense is covered
That made a part of either.

Enlarged, not shrunk, is love's sweet heat,
That flourish each to other,
They feel themselves in every beat,
Each beating for another;
It is their very union's act.
The common pain to prove;
And once but hearts how great his heart
When he has learned to love!

The same pain hearts's tender part,
Gives up his half of bliss—
The smile are in the neighbor heart
When there is none in this!
There dwells how the passion flowers,
On minds it knows to thrive;
Makes heavy in another's bowers,
But blest is home to love!

As he who, swept in Fancy's dream,
Sends o'er seas wave, or earth,
Yet deep within the cold recess
Finds but himself and Heaven—
So, looking through his lady's eyes
In search of all things rare,
The lover finds, for love's skies
Himself is everywhere!

The loving heart gives back, no due,
The idol it looks on;
As moon rotates to him who drew
The precious things around—
As mirror where, however they're looked,
What shadows o'er them move,
Still keeps the light of the light
Reflect the forms of love.

Oh! 'tis an Hindû this they tells
Of the happy mutual one;
He grows who near mother's dwells
More conscious of he one.
In each are born new thoughts and powers,
And hidden faculties unfold;
The most, 'tis true, like clinging flowers,
And tie the two together

Fun and Frolic.

PENNY-A-LINERS' PHRASES.

(From the Almanac of the Month—London.)

Penny-a-liners are a class of people so called because they are paid (true-halfpence a line, and for what they write, but so much of what they write as the editors of newspapers choose to insert. Their emoda are accidents, their beard and hair unfluence, and their clothes are generally got out of the fox. These gentlemen have a phraseology exclusively their own. The terms most in use are printed in the following phrase look for the one or persons who read newspapers and are puzzled sometimes to understand them.

Deserving Element means few; as, "The deserving elements now lashing the movement as if in anger, now running round as if in sport, soon razed it to the ground." However, the "deserving element" is not applied to the fun, cred, or coke, or shale, or brick, which burns in the grate. Penny-a-liners do not say, "The leg of mutton was roasted so as to test the unerring intensity of the devouring element of the kitchen."

Electric Fluid is another word for lightning; as, speaking of the fig tree in Fig Tree Court, a penny-a-liner would say, "The electric fluid struck the ill-fated tree on its topmost branch, and running down it with unusual celerity, heralded it with its mother earth."

Mere really *conceived* thus described—This is an elegant termination to a dull article, to a romance, to novelists, and their unhappy benchers Penny-a-liners. Speaking of a gentleman who had been eating two skillings' worth of pastry, and could not pay for them because his pocket had been picked, it is usual to say, "Mr. M'Cash put his fingers into his hand into his pocket, and, diving into its recesses, found he had not a penny, his lozinge can be more easily conceived than described." This last phrase, it will be seen, though rather lengthy, serves a deal of embarrassing description.

A disaster to the Hansom Cab—This monster in general is a boy who has broken a window, or given a runaway knock. Any little event is sure to be fathomed as a disaster. We recollect the case of *Jonas*, when he was discovered in the Queen's palace, was described as a "monster in the human form." A police office is also the exact form of "Exchange and Houses of Parliament were burnt down. A "monster" was supposed to be running about England "in human form," burning every thing. The term, in fact, is always used when the author of an accident has not been discovered. We will be bound that if the Thames is ever set on fire it will be described as being the work of some "monster in the human form."

A Monster differs very little from the "monster." Perhaps he is a shade worse; for instance, any body who strikes a policeman is merely a "monster," but if he strikes a woman he is a "monster." A man is only a "monster" when he deserts his wife; but if he leaves three children chargeable on the parish, or takes away with him the key of the tea-caddy, then he is nothing but a "monstrosity."

Vital Spark is reserved as often as there is an accident. In the report of a murder there is always a "vital spark" brought in. If the History of England were ever to be written by a penny-a-liner, he would describe all the accidents and murders in the regular reporters' phraseology: "The body of Rufus was found at two P. M. in the depths of the forest, when a medical man was immediately sent for. The restoratives used in such cases were speedily applied, but it was found that the 'vital spark' had fled. The Red King supposed to have fallen into the hands of some "monster in human form.

Lamented into Eternity is a favorite expression that is always coupled with an execution. It means that a person is hung. The term is only applied to human beings.

EQUIVOCAL CHARACTER OF LANGUAGE.

"Please direct me to the *largest bell founder in Cincinnati*," said a stranger to me the other day.

I would have sent him to my friend *H. Hof*, for he had brought the greatest quantity of metal I would warrant me. I therefore remarked. "I do not think there are any large ones. Mr. Coffin is the only one I am acquainted with, and he is but a feet 6 inches."

"Pshaw," replied the inquirer, "I do not care for his size. In his the *largest bell foundery* in the place?" "Well," replied I, cautiously, "I think he does perhaps make the largest bells in Cincinnati." "Why," replied the querist rather petulantly, "I don't care whether he is the largest or small, but man to man, or whether he makes the best or the least sized bells ever made. What I want to know regards his business. Is his the most *extensive bell foundery here?*" "Why sir," I replied.

"I can't say, in fact, the bell boundaries have are pretty much of a size, some of them have more front and others more depth." "Is it possible you don't understand me yet? I want to know if his operations are on a scale large as the size of a cannon." "Oh, if that is what you want to know, call at his office and he can tell all you wish to learn on that subject."

Here were two business men playing at cross purposes upon a question asked, which admitted of being understood in four different ways in addition to its subject. The size of the man—the size of his bells—the size of his foundery—and the extent of his business operations.

A CAUTIOUS FELLOW.—A few days ago, in Sterick, Me., a good, honest-looking country fellow was looking at the telegraphic wires there with astonishment. A passer-by asked him what he thought of it. "Well I don't know exactly," replied the fellow, "but I am sure they won't get me to ride on the fastest thing—them wires and poles would tear my breeches all to pieces."

SENSIBLE YOUNG LADY.—A young lady in this city, whenever she gets in a carriage, takes up the cat in her arms and sings a lullaby to it until she gets in a good humor.—*Dayton Transcript*

A VERY LIKELY ANGEL.—The Rev. Sam Mc. Bennett, in one of his visions, saw an angel in the third heaven, so large that his eyes were seventy thousand days journey apart.

WHAT GOT HALF SEATON.—An amusing incident occurred in one of our fashionable churches, on Sunday. A foreigner had been in the habit of calling to get shaved, though at distant intervals of time, but, either enough to suit with the operator or not appreciated. It seems that he always made an excuse for not paying, that his money was in the Baltimore bank, but would pay out with the payment of going after it, but did not make his appearance until six weeks or two months after, when he would call in such rather strength. With a last call having shaved just one half his face, when, &c., that additional him.

"Stranger, how are you got any money to spare this morning?"

Somewhat surprised, the stranger replied—

"I have three cents, but I'm going up to the railroad, and I will hand you the balance directly."

The barber coolly wiped off the soap, and replied—

"Please to go now, and I will shave the when there cents reach where you return."

With a shower of oaths, breathing vengeance and the fire, he "eloped," presenting a grotesque appearance, one side of his face fairly black, and the other nice and white. He has not made his appearance since.—*Springfield Gazette.*

HOTEL KNOWLEDGE.—A green 'un from Orange County, Massachusetts, arrived to spend a few days in New York, for the purpose of seeing all the sights, and in order to strike but to acquaintance at a hotel, and a proper idea of the grandeur of his visit, he took up lodgings at the Astor House.

When he was ushered in to dinner, the first day, he was surprised at the number of people who sat down, as well as at the vastness of the dining room. He was equally surprised to see that each man had a printed account of his dinner before him, and that each one, as he thought, ate according to the dinner. He was quite astonished as well he might be after waiting three hours over his usual time—as he attached the head of his bill with vigor, and sat down on the door to rest, but he soon came to a stand. Just then the gentleman on his right presented the waiter by being him some oyster pie, which our friend heard, and instantly referred to the list to see where it was.

"What?" exclaimed he, with astonishment, turning to his neighbor—"are you all the way down there? *Why, I have only got to roast beef, and I feel already as if I smelt here.*"

A LAWYERS' OPINION OF SUE.—In a case involving a breach of contract, the counsel was arguing that, in consequence of a bar having been placed inside of an iron pan, the pan was made much larger.

Judge.—I cannot think that a pan is larger because there has been placed across it a bar of iron.

Counsel.—Undoubtedly, my lord; I think that if you make an article which contains more iron it is larger.

Judge.—Suppose you were to fill the pan with iron, would you say the pan was larger then?

Counsel.—Certainly, I should, my lord. (Laughter.)

THE BEST REVERGE.—The Boston Post says—Why would not the best revenge be to send a man a basket? and answers, because you would always find a *balance* to be handed.

For the Ladies.

THE FASHIONS.

The following are the latest fashions—they were brought by the Caledonia, which left Liverpool August 4th.

Taffeta glace is the most fashionable material all the season, and checks of every dimension, as also stripes, either wide or narrow, are both in favor. Barege is also much worn, of dark colors, with white designs, with under skirt of gros de Naples to match the color, and the sleeves and corsage nearly covered with ruches, rather than deep ones in front, and their own width apart, or one very deep ruffle—or narrow shells, three deep, with a cluster of very small ruches, a crimper, whence its name. The ends of the scarf, or mouchoir, are disposed of in the same manner.

B. Cowgers, another species of the *Trumpet flower*—is a more useful plant. The people of South Carolina chop the vines, with wooden rests, sweet potatoes, then tear roots and other vegetables, and make for a beef, which proves an agreeable and wholesome beverage.

The *Egyptian radiation*, coming or sole leaved Trumpet flower, is a native of North American. It is a favorite covering for walls, or, sticking close to the surface of poles, so as to support the branches. The *flowers* are produced at the end of the shoots of the same year, in large bunches, with long swollen tubes, of a beautiful blue like a trumpet, whence its name. The seeds are in an orange pod, monospermous, and ripen in this manner.

Ladies' Boudoir.

OUR FLOWER VASE.

TRUMPET FLOWER. *Fame.*

Art thou too wounded with the common dart,
Thou love of Flame the throbbing at thy heart?
Young.

What's *Fame?* a fancied life in other's breath,
A thing beyond us, e'n before our death.
Pope.

By Tournefort, the flowers of this genius were named in honor of the *Abbe Egmont*, a Parisian of the sixteenth century, who was an ecclesiastic and counsellor of state at the early age of six years.

The *Egmont radicans*, creeping or soil leaved Trumpet flower, is a native of North American. It is a favorite covering for walls, or, sticking close to the surface of poles, so as to support the branches. The *flowers* are produced at the end of the shoots of the same year, in large bunches, with long swollen tubes, of a beautiful blue like a trumpet, whence its name. The seeds are in an orange pod, monospermous, and ripen in this manner.

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Culinary Department

RECEIPTS.

CAKES A LA POLONAISE.—Take some rich puff paste, roll it a quarter of an inch thick, and cut it in square pieces. Sweeten the yolk of an egg with fine sugar; gather up the four corners of each, and press them together; dip each piece round moulds, and put them in warm water, and put them inside the cakes, then put them in a quick oven; when they are three parts done, take them out; wash them over with the beaten white of an egg; sprinkle powdered sugar over, and finish baking; when done, take out the moulds, and fill them with preserves, jelly, or marmalade.

PASTE PUFFS.—Have one pound of fine flour, not the same weight of sweet butter, work one-fourth of the butter into the flour, with just enough cold water to bind it; pour hot water on a piece of valuable the same size as the rolled butter, so, dissolve it, when cold, add it to the paste; roll it out; roll it about half an inch thick here, spread away the butter into three equal parts, fold the paste together, then fold it up; flour your paste-board and rolling pin well, then roll it again, always rolling from you; repeat the operation, instead of paying away, equally exchanged cotton handkerchiefs, worth from one dollar to one dollar and a half each, for cotton or rustic finery, for the tresses of the fair sex; and say one who has seen a butcher or housekeeper cut out the best pieces of meat for roasting, and the almost to purchase, can conceive the affected contemptuous look with which the dealer in hair views the finest tresses he has to purchase, and the contemptuous look with which the dealer in rags turns from the finest cambric handkerchief, depreciating the color, texture, and quality, and, every conceivable quality, and then, when his silly fogie accepts the offer, and hands over his rags unseen, and unmercifully severs the hair, which he throws into a coarse sack; and all this is done in open market, of mid-day. The only blush of shame is, when a damsel is told that her hair is too short, and that she must wait another year to be cropped, or when the dealer clips off the precious locks, with the sleight and dexterity of a conjurer, before she has decided whether she will part with them or not. Delilah wrenched the secret of his strength from Samson; but some fond, worse than Delilah, some avaricious fiend, must have suggested to mortals the barter of one of her greatest ornaments. If she can so lightly part with the covering of her head, she may be secure of the losing of her heart, for who could have a permanent love for one so fond-hearted?—*Dr. Hedge's Rambles in Normandy.*

DRESS AND DEMEANOR OF LADIES.

If discernment is culpable in a man, how utterly inexcusable it is in a woman! No doubt this subject is better suited to the taste and capacity of the society in which she moves, will be neglected of her personal appearance. It is true there is danger, indeed, lest, in the extreme anxiety of attaining too much importance and giving too much time to dress; but it is easy to hit a happy medium in this respect, and the perfect justness in the one at the same time, that no moral, social, or intellectual duty is slighted. There are few members of the sex so deficient in consciousness of face or figure, but by an appropriate and artful like style of dress, they may not appear to advantage to all capable of appreciating the agreeable and the beautiful in art. To be appropriate it does not follow that a dress need be extravagant. There is a wonderful charm about their style of dress with some women, which seems a part of their character, it is so indescribable. It is not in expensive material, nor in brilliancy of colors, but in the felicity of adaptation of color, style and manufacture. The dress seems as natural to the wearer as the hue of her hair. We think that any other costume would be inappropriate. The "Cynthia of the minute" seems to have lost her identity in her present dress, and to look as if she was born to wear it.

Any lady desirous of the style of dress most becoming to her, and fallow it, unconfused by the ambition of leading off a fashion, or flaunting in expensive robes. We all know that different colors suit different complexions.

When we have considered this important figure, the lady should have that degree of artistical cultivation to be able to decide for herself on the fashion most suitable to her person. This is the last and the accomplishment let her consult a competent judge.

JOHN LOCKE.

To-day bring the anniversary of the birth of this distinguished man, we have procured the above portrait of him, to which we append a short but comprehensive history of his life:

John Locke, the eminent author of the Essay on the Human Understanding, was born August 29th, 1632, at Wrington, in Somersetshire.

Locke's father had been bred a lawyer, and when the civil wars broke out, he entered into the character of his political principles by leading a company in the service of the Parliament. Locke himself, retained his education, was entered at Christ Church College, Oxford, where he took the degree of Master of Arts, in 1658, and then proceeded in pursuit of the study of physic and its division. With the exception of about twelve months which he spent on the Continent, in the capacity of Secretary to the British Envoy at the Court of the Elector of Brandenburg, he continued his medical studies without interruption till the year 1666, when he became known to the celebrated Earl of Shaftesbury, then Lord Ashley. From his acquaintance with this nobleman, the future life of Mr. Locke took much of its complexion; and it is among the most honorable facts which belong to the mixed fame of Lord Shaftesbury, that in the midst of his life he continued the steady patron, and retained the friendship and intimacy of the philosopher to the end. It is here that his advocacy and exhortation of Shaftesbury which turned Locke from the further pursuit of his profession, to the study of political and moral science. The first consequences of the patronage which he had thus obtained, was his introduction to many of the most distinguished men of the day in the political world, and the general estimation in which his talents soon began to be held. As evidence of the last mentioned circumstance is his admission, in 1670, as a member of the Royal Society, then recently incorporated. About this time also he began to sketch out in his mind the plan of his celebrated Essay. In 1672, Shaftesbury being made Lord Chancellor, Locke was appointed Secretary of Presentations; but this he had, on the Chancellor's dismissal the succeeding February. He subsequently obtained the appointment of Secretary to the Board of Trade; but the Board being dissolved, he again without employment. In these circumstances he deemed it prudent to resume his medical studies, and accordingly having taken the degree at Rochester of Physic, he went to France, and took up his residence at Montpelier. He did not return to England till 1679, when he again became a resident in the family of Lord Shaftesbury, whom, finally, he accompanied to Holland three years after, remaining there with his patron and friend till the death of the latter. The accession with Lord Shaftesbury had make Locke very obnoxious to the government of his own country; and he found it advisable to remain at exile, till the Revolution of 1688 once more made the air of England fit for free spirits to breathe. During his retirement, which he was enabled to do by a pension made from his studentship at Christ Church; and being raised a sum of money by the sale of his publications, which had given offence to the government, as well as suspected of participation in the Duke of Monmouth's rebellion, he was exposed to great annoyance and danger, and was even obliged to conceal himself for about a year. It was while in Holland that he published his first known as an author, by the publication of his first Letter on Toleration, in Latin. It produced a great sensation, and was soon translated into Dutch, French and English. On his return to England, he was made a Commissioner of Appeals; and to the following year, 1690, he published his great Essay on Human Understanding. The masterly character of this performance at once attracted by the attention which it excited both at home and abroad by the author with which it was read, and the numerous admirers by whom it was received. Although a folio volume, and on no popular subject, it had gone through four editions (besides being translated into French and Latin) by the year 1700. The fifth edition (also in folio) appea ed, after the author's death, in 1706, and the work has since been repeatedly reprinted in octavo and 8vo. The most formidable opponent, by whom some of its opinions were controverted in the interior of Locke, was the learned and eloquent Dr. Edward Stillingfleet, bishop of Worcester. The same year in which the Essay appeared, Mr. Locke also gave to the world his second Letter on Toleration, and his two Treatises on Government, in answer to an absurd book of Sir Robert Filmer, in support of divine right and passive obedience. There were followed by other publications, which we shall not stop to enumerate. In 1695 he was appointed Commissioner of Trade and Plantations; but about six or seven years after made, feeling that the asthma, with which he had long been afflicted, was becoming so much worse as to unfit him for performing the duties of his office, he very nobly insisted upon resigning it, declaring, although strongly urged by his friends to remain, that he could not consent to retain the emoluments of the place, from the conscientious sense that he did not receive a salary for which he was not able to do the work. He then retired altogether from public life, and from that period continued to live at one of his Scriptures. In this manner he passed about four years; and then expired on the 28th of October, 1704, in the seventy second year of his age. His Essay on the Human Understanding has given Locke an immortal name in English Literature and in the history of Philosophy. It has undoubtedly contributed more than any other book to render popular the study of the important subject of which it treats, and of which it affords a model, equally entertained with regard to some of its fundamental doctrines, it will be acknowledged by every candid judge, to have thrown much new light upon many of the operations of the human mind. As for the private character of this distinguished man, it was one of the most beautiful and stainless that ever adorned human nature; and rarely has there been seen a more perfect example of the exhibition of the union of high intellect and equally elevated virtue.

Our Portrait Gallery.

Salmagundi.

THE ROTHSCHILDS.

In the Jews' street at Frankfort-on-the-Main, in the midst of Gothic houses, dark alleys, and sombre alleys, there is a house of small exterior, distinguished from others by its luxurious sentiments, which gives it an appearance of cheerfulness and freshness. The lions on the door is polished; the curtains of the windows are as white as snow, and the gilt of the balcony, rising in the damp atmosphere of this dirty quarter) is always dry and shining. The traveller who from curiosity, or for any other reason, passes before the house, in the Jews of Frankfort, subjected to the most favorable impressions. Some curiosities in this Jews' quarter—will be induced to stop before this neat and simple house, and perhaps ask, "Who is that wealthy man who lives in this house?" Some persons, and the little shining squares of the window on the first story?" This is the reply every Frankfurter will make: "Is that house there? an Israelite merchant, named M. A. Rothschild. He there acquired a good name, a good fortune, and a numerous family; and when he died the widow declared she would never quit, except for the tomb, the modest dwelling which had served as a cradle to that name, that fortune, and those children." Continued property has attended the sons of the power and modest widow. Their name has become European, and their wealth proverbial. They inhabit comfortable palaces in the most beautiful quarters of Paris, London, Vienna, Naples, and Frankfort. But their private apartments, in the counting-house, has not quitted her comparatively humble house, where they come to visit her with respect and reverence. Their father-in-law is to them a model of unattainable fatherhood—the presenting bright examples for the present time.

Who held the balance of the world? Who rings
O'er congress, with whether regular or liberal?
Who rescue the wretches parents of Spain,
That make old Europe's honors, and gibbet all?
Who keep the world, both old and new, in pain
Or pleasure? Who makes politics run glibber all?
The shade of Bonaparte's notice during?
The Holy Alliance? Who, in fine, is Sovereign,
Dictator, and the only liberal Sultan
Are the true lords of Europe. Every loan
Is not a sovereign speculation?
But seem a nation or spouts a throne.
Republics also get involved a bit;
Columbia's stock likes panics and colonies
Or Change; and even thy silver suit, Peru,
Must get itself mounted by a Jew.

NUTRIMENT IN SUGAR.—The nutritive properties of sugar are much underrated in this country. As an aliment, Dr. Rush, of Philadelphia, maintains that sugar affords the greatest quantity of nourishment, in a given quantity of matter, of any subject in nature. Horses and cattle are usually fed on it at St. Domingo for some months, when the expectation of sugar and importation of grain were prevented from want of cargoes. During the crop time in the West Indies all appear fat and flourishing. The cattle fed on the cane-tops become sleek and in fine condition. The inhabitants, in the time of the sugar, and become fat and healthy. Sir George Staunton observes, that many of the slaves and idle persons in China build themselves stalls near the cane, and live entirely on them for a time. In that kingdom the emperor compels his body guard to eat a certain quantity of sugar every day, that they may become fat, and look portly. Sugar, and nice consistute the common food of the people, and every kind of domestic animal is fed on sugar. Plagues, malignant fevers, and disorders of the breast, are unknown in the countries where sugar is abundantly eaten as food. The celebrated Dr. Franklin used to drink syrup every night before he went to bed to alleviate the agonies of the stone.—*Popular Errors Explained.*

☞ The following poetical effusion is from an album kept at the Falls of Niagara.

"Six hundred and twenty thousand tons per minute,
Is the measure,
Of the water that rushes,
Awe and pleasure."

Selected Poetry.

ANOTHER BYRON.

The following verses are from a work lately published in London, called "The Modern Orlando"—the author is yet unknown. There is a vigor and compactness in these verses, that partakes of another Byron:

PARIS.

"Paris, thou strangest thing, of all things strange!
Lovely beauty, contemptible vanity!
True to one love alone, and that one, change.
Glittering, yet pure! Half wit and half dirt!
Thou model of—ores ruffles and no shirt!
The court, thy kingdom, and the life, a game;
Were we with age not privy, by some name
Light without lustre, glory without fame,
Revolution, thou art a devil's mere gridiron
Without a fire!

Your Subscriber. D.

"It appears, from the most correct calculations, that the dread Messenger, the Asiatic cholera, has spared the land, that stretches from the Atlantic and forty millions of the human race!" Mysterious and uncertain in its course, having no regulated or physical agent by which the location can be certainly determined, save that of the selection of its victims generally from among the uncleanly and intemperate, while in the opinion of the wisest physician, nothing can change the condition of the atmosphere, which is essentially connected with the contagion by either words the disease is in the atmosphere and while no preventive can be taken against it, yet much may be done towards staying its progress, and alleviating, in a measure, the issues of the attack; persons most liable to this affliction being those who are physically and morally debilitated; those weakened by excesses, of whatever kind—drunkards, gluttons, and persons suffering under chronic complaints, or old constitutions. Among the phenomena worthy of record, as the sickness and mortality of animals antecedent to, and at the time of the ravages of the disease in many parts of the world; and yet, on the most careful examination, it is conclusive, that the complaint is not transmitted by grass or by green goods, and experience proves, that all restrictive measures to ward off to a certainty the complaint, have utterly failed. The best mode of treating the disease is given below, where the cholera has not been completely developed, which not the least communication or intercourse had taken place with those affected with it, while thoroughly ventilated might be subdued of entire community, after constant intercourse with the sick, in India, Europe, and the United States.

According to all the reports, the cholera proves to be an epidemic depending upon some peculiar morbid change in the constitution of the atmosphere, which is unknown to all medical men; and all that can be said as, that it is owing to some unknown peculiarity in the atmosphere, somewhat similar to that which gives rise to the ordinary fever and other complaints of the season of autumn, and total summer months. That its severity or mitigation greatly depends upon predisposing causes at the time of the location of the disease, these can be easily avoided, such as intemperance of every species, exposure to the damp atmosphere, sudden changes from heat to cold, excessive fatigue, or laboring under general debility, want of cleanliness and food of bad quality, sudden debility of the nervous system, &c; laying the body open to an attack of the disease, and on the contrary, temperance, fear, and depressing passions should not be allowed to harass the mind. The only preventive being summed up in a few words, pure air, good, plain substantial living, temperance and regularity in all things, strict cleanliness, and a tranquil mind."

WOOLLEN MATCH.

There is to be a woollen race, next Spring, between Messrs. Perkins & Brown, of Summit county, Ohio, and Messrs. Hall & Sons, of Watertown, Connecticut. They are each to shear forty yearling lambs from their respective flocks—put the wool in the best possible order for spinning—and then send it to the inspection of Samuel Lawrence, Esq., who is to decide upon its merits. A general invitation is given to all wool growers to bring in a like number of fleeces from yearling sheep, and we anticipate quite a race of woollen facts over the course.

Mr. Blakeslee's sheep are Merinoes of the Humphrey's importation. Perkins & Brown's are Saxonys. The following will give in detail the plan of operation:—*Mr. Farmer.*

Important Meeting of Wool Growers.—At a meeting of wool growers, holden at the office of the Manufacturers' Company, in Lowell, Mass., on the first day of July, 1846, representatives from the eight following States being present, viz: Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Vermont, Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, Virginia, and Ohio,—Samuel Lawrence, Esq., of Massachusetts, was called to the Chair, and G. Bass, of Ohio, appointed Secretary. After opening the meeting an important and very interesting discussion took place, on the relative proportion of the Saxon and Merino sheep, and more

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 27 letters.
My 14, 17, 7, 1, 16, 9, 15, 7, 15, is a River in Texas.
My 2, 3, 20, 15, is a River in Africa.
My 18, 12, 5, 15, 1, is a Town in Spain.
My 13, 5, 23, 6, 19, 15, 11, 3, is one of the Azores.

My 24, 1, 21, 2, 16, 6, is a Lake in Russia.
My 6, 8, 16, 7, is a River in Spain.
My 17, 5, 18, 15, 11, 7, 10, 16, is one of the U. States.
My 13, 15, 10, 15, 13, is a River in North Carolina.
My 18, 14, 5, 10, is a Range of Mountains in Europe.
My 7, 12, 17, 7, is a River in the United States.
My 5, 6, 19, 7, 1, 12, 5, 4, is a Town in Maine.
My 21, 8, 7, 9, 9, is a River in Germany.
My 1, 6, 11, 4, 7, 11, is a Town in Arkansas.
My 8, 7, 16, 7, 7, 11, is a Town in Connecticut.
My whole is a memorable engagement in our struggle for Independence.

J. C.

RIDDLE.

Once, once delightful to be seen,
I must with pleasure view each country crown'd,
Till cruel fate, with weapons keen,
First bade me mourn, and then be ground.
There as I wounded helpless lay,
And sadly mourn'd their cruel fate,
My many joining'd, my strength decay'd,
My body bow'd with unwilling heat.
At length, his corpse in human mould
Of which I partly was before stood,
Which partly join'd my living made,
Myself am now my monument.
Ponder this well, then look on me,
And think of man's mortality.

RIDDLE.

My first is a playthings; my second few plays with; my third plays with nobody.

RIDDLE.

My little first has oft mankind its foes,
And meets my second wherever'er it goes;
My whole may be found in any country
My first, whose life in sin is its destroy

CONUNDRUMS.

Why is a dancing master like a tree?
Why is a horse in the stable like a tenured criminal?
What trade never turns to the left?
Why is a gardener like a watch?

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ENIGMA.
Long Before You Leap

RIDDLE.
Butterfly.

RIDDLE.
Instead

RIDDLE.
Hat.

CONUNDRUMS.
Mars's ones.
To eat.
Dined.

IT IS IMMORAL TO BE CONSTRUCTION.

Agricultural.

CAUSE AND CURE OF THE POTATO DISEASE.

FROM THE BOSTON CULTIVATOR.

Messrs. Editors—Believing that none have taken greater interest than yourselves in the absorbing topic of the potato rot, and that the disease has been so alarmingly prevalent in the potato crop, yet so unaccountable to be in the space of a moment—the rot in the potato, the fly in wheat, the disease in the button wood tree, and the maiden and the large branches of the trees with a common painters brush. [Nate — If applied to the small branches, or the leaves, the wash will prove injurious, owing to the strength of the lye.]

"I have peach trees whose trunks are ten inches in diameter, which have been annually washed with the above composition for three years, and troubled with the borer, and the bark presents a lively, smooth appearance, that excites the admiration of all beholders. Also my currant bushes, of different and ornamental trees generally, through the use of this wash are the most striking on the premises."—Ohio Cultivator.

WHAT TURNS TO CHEESE!—Not only so, but what is much better, clears turns to timothy. So says I, and I have learned of our best farmers, as well believed as that grey is necessary to keep a man cool on a hot harvest field. The evidence of this need be clear, because clover grows abundantly to follow wheat, and timothy follows clover. This has led me to several discoveries, such as, that wheat turns to clover, and clover to timothy, and that Spanish needles to wire grass, &c., and what is more, does turn to thorp? for in my custom house ledger there were equally numerous entries of the wheats thirty years ago, and now we all see and know there are ten sheep to one then.

EAT NEGRAIN.

Choice Selections.

TRUE REST.

FROM THE CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

Sweet is the pleasure
Itself cannot spoil,
Is not true leisure
One with true toil.
Thou that wouldst taste it
Null do thy best,
Attain it not, ensure it not,
Else 'tis no rest.
Would'st behold beauty
Near thee, all round?
Only hath duty
Such a sight found.
Rest is not quitting
The busy career,
Rest is the fitting
Of self to its sphere.
'Tis the bird's motion,
Clear without strife,
Flowing in ocean
After its life.
Deeper the murmurs
Nowhere hath knelt,
Fuller exercise
Heart never felt
'Tis loving and serving
The highest and low.
'Tis onward, unswerving,
And this is true rest.

INDIANS AND SILVER MINES.

The Indians employed in the mines at Cerro de Pasco are among the most degraded tribes of Peru. Our traveller relates some stories of the fatality of accidentsces, as developed among these natives, who have been made the victims of their own rapacity. We cannot decide on the probability of these tales, but instances as striking are recorded of the Indians of Mexico.

"The Indians have discovered that their silver mines have made them more comfortable, and live better. They determine, therefore, to keep it from their knowledge of some rich veins of silver not yet explored by Europeans. Traditions of mines have been handed down, it is supposed, from father to son, through centuries. Even those Indians who have been employed in one or other subject, fails in this case. A few years ago, there lived, in the large village of Huancayo, the brothers Don Juan and Don Pedro Escalante, who were among the wealthiest mine proprietors of Peru. As they had reason to suspect the existence of such unexplored veins among the mountains of the province, and knew a young man in their employ in whom they could confide, they sent the latter to examine the country, and use the greatest secrecy in the discovery. Accordingly, he departed from the village, where he found indigoes in the hut of an Indian shepherd—from whom he concealed his object. In the course of a few months, an adventurer had grown up between the young accustomer and the shepherd's daughter; and, at last, the young man succeeded so far in his object as to win from the girl a promise that she would point out to him the mouth of a rich silver mine, if he would agree to follow her, at some distance, on a certain day when she should go out to tend her flock on the hills; and to notice where she stopped her mantà, (a woollen shawl.) There, she told him, he would find the entrance of the mine. The young agent obeyed her directions; and, after some digging, found his way into a moderately deep shaft, which led to a rich vein of silver. He was busily engaged in breaking off some specimens of the ore, when he was surprised by the old shepherd, who congratulated him on the discovery, and offered assistance. After working together for some hours, they rested; and the Indian offered to the young man a cup of chicha, which he drank from after drinking, he fell asleep; and, on a complaint being preferred against him by the Indian, he instantly carried the specimens of ore in his wallet, hastened back to the village, and silence after various proceedings with the old and young better of the meeting, came in, and agreed upon the following manner of testing, and, in so far as he knew, settling the question of the relative value of these two important bonds of clergy.

Nichlas A. Brown, in the presence of Guy Wolcott, of Summit county, Ohio, on a select forty lambs, which said Wolcott is to see them, and to certify that they were of the first and best by said Perkins & Brown, and that they were sheep at or about one year of age, and at the clip of 1847. The said Hubbster is to select a like number from his flock, which are to be sheet at the same age, in presence of N. B. Smith, of Connecticut, at the clip of 1847, who is to make a like certificate of the one above described—which are to accompany the wool of the said lambs to the Middlesex Company, said to be judged by the said Samuel Lawrence, Esq., who is to be the umpire to decide upon the merits of the two lots—and it is understood that the wool is to be equally measured, and the order of each fleece placed against it—and to give the gentlemen competitors and the world, his decision and his reasons at large on the comparative excellency of the two kinds of sheep and their fleeces; and the wool growers throughout the United States are respectfully and earnestly invited to participate in this competition, the results of which are deemed important to the wool interest, and to select at the next clip of 1847, a like number of lambs, (and if there be any variation from one year to the age, have the certificate state that variation, although) and that to obtain a well-authenticated certificate, and send them with the clip to the above-named umpire, who is to report upon the whole, and to the last of the next bonner to whom it may be due, and make the report public. The reader will understand that Perkins & Brown have a choice flock of Saxons, and Mr. Blakeslee a very choice flock of Merinoes.

It was unanimously voted that this report be signed by the chairman and secretary, and published in the Lowell Courier, and that the papers friendly to the wool interest throughout the country, be requested to copy.

SAM'L LAWRENCE, *Chairman.*
GEO. DANA, *Secretary.*

The Olio.

THE THORN.

One Summer sweet a crown of thorns,
With soft and pliant hand,
And none did this sad crown adorn,
Then that he left behind.
And gladly did I take my choice,
Upon his gad-like brow,
Knowing that I should share his joys
Where blooms the rosee now.

Oh, when we grasp the keenest flowers
That have sweet smell,
And sharpest 'midst our blushing bowers,
That still a thorn is found.
Oh, let us think of Him who wore
The thorn without the rose,
And bear in meekness, as he bore,
Our fewer, lighter woes.

THE POWER OF THE IMAGINATION.—An extract of a letter, dated July 20th, from a gentleman in Williams College, to the editor of the Springfield Gazette, certains to the effect of the imagination, in producing palpable results, as follows:

"I have just been informed that he applies the wash annually in spring, about the first of May. But those who have been unlucky enough to own cows on the bark, will do well to apply it at the present time, and again next spring.

"Recipe.—Take three pecks of lye from wood ashes, strong enough to float an egg, and add

- One pint of soft soap;
- One quarter pound of nitre, (saltpetre.)
- One handful of common salt.

"The nitre should be dissolved in warm water, then add the salt and other ingredients, and stir it thoroughly incorporated. Apply it to the trunks and large branches of the trees with a common painters brush. [Note — If applied to the small branches, or the leaves, the wash will prove injurious, owing to the strength of the lye.]

"I have peach trees whose trunks are ten inches in diameter, which have been annually washed with the above composition for three years, and troubled with the borer, and the bark presents a lively, smooth appearance, that excites the admiration of all beholders. Also my currant bushes, of different and ornamental trees generally, through the use of this wash are the most striking on the premises."—Ohio Cultivator.

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